

At Home

Lying On the Floor
A pillow of soft black fur
Underneath my head
my face rising and falling
with the breaths of my sweet dog

Between here and there

Excitement runs wild
people bumping and bustling
sights, smells, sounds collide
My Mother calls my name and
Leads us to the terminal

Heat in The Spring

Oppressive heat waves
A drought goes unquenched for months
Fans rotate on MAX
Heat frays our minds and our thoughts
The fridge breaks, and we suffer